*Bul.* My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
*Gaunt.* The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
*Bul.* Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourney-man to griefe?
*Gaunt.* All places that the eie of heauen viſites,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie:
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee foorth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee, or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds Muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps, no more
Then a delightfull meaſure, or a daunce,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mockes at it and ſets it light.
*Bul.* Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good





Giue but the greater feeling to the worſe?
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the ſoare.
*Gaunt.* Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
*Bul.* Then Englands ground farewell, ſweet ſoile adiew,
My Mother and my Nurſe that beares me yet,
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Buſhie, &c. at one dore, and the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

*King.* Wee did obſerue, Coſin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?
*Aum.* I brought high Herford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
*King.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
*Aum.* Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awakt the ſleepie rewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
*King.* What ſaid your Coſin when you parted with him
*Au.* Farewell, & for my heart diſdained that my tongue
ſhould ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſsion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Marry, would the word farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
*King.* He is our Coſins Coſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,